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# The Moonlit Sea

Author Unknown

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# STREET



E. HODGES, Printer, (from PITT'S) whole-  
sale Toy and Marble warehouse, 31 Dudley  
Street, Seven Dials.

## THE MOONLIT SEA

Come o'er the moonlit sea,  
Where the waves are brightly glowing  
The wind has sunk to its evening rest,  
And the tide is gently flowing.  
Though bright the morn may beam, love  
Along the sailing sea,  
Yet dearer still to me love,  
Are moonlit waves with thee.

Then come, &c.

All is still save the echoed song,  
Of Italia's bright-eyed daughter,  
Or the distant sound of the boatman's oar,  
As it dips in the sparkling water.

Then come, &c.

## STREET ORDERLY.

Air-Nancy Dawson.

I AM a street orderly as you may all see,  
You'd like to know perhaps who I be,  
If you will listen, a while I will patter,  
And tell you all about the matter.  
I came from the country almost dead,  
I went to ask Charles Cochrane for bread,  
He gave me bread and soup accordingly,  
And invited me to become a street orderly.

### CHORUS.

Now don't make game of me as you pass,  
You don't know what you may come to at last,  
You must neither beg, steal nor stoop,  
So I'm a knight of the broom and get plenty  
of soup.

# ORDERLY.

Charles Cochrane has, though its not,  
Fed the poor, and clothed them been,  
And to public washhouses bid to be clean.  
For man, woman, and true on,  
Look at me, and then in a union,  
I'm better starved them as quick as thunder,  
Where D. Cochrane's band 's a mighty wonder.  
Now don't make game of, &c.

We are fed and clothed as clean as a smelt,  
While the paupers go with hunger bent,  
The guardians they have quite careless grown,  
If you ask for bread they give you a stone.  
A poor man now no work enjoys,  
For 'tis all done by girls and boys,  
What are we to do to keep from the union door,  
Why every parish should employ their own poor  
Now don't make game of, &c.

Englishmen's freedom is flew away from us,  
The foreigners now are all living upon us,  
Louis, Philippe and his family came here for pro-  
tection,  
And the Poles and refugees have their yearly  
collection.  
Now Cochrane is the man to speak for the  
Englishman,  
The aristocracy are the blades to rifle and plunder  
a man,  
Let the Queen discharge Russell, he's too little  
for anything,  
And bring in Charles Cochrane, the poor man's  
representative.

Now don't make game of, &c.

If Cochrane was to get in the Commons, no matter  
on Monday,  
He would not allow Rowland Hill to sort letters  
on a Sunday,  
The poor man he would work six days only,  
The seventh a day of rest to be kept holy.  
Here's a health to Charles Cochrane, fill your  
glasses to the brim,  
And the ladies that support him, may they never  
want a thing,  
May his name last for ever, and never change its  
hue,  
So do unto others as you would they should do  
unto you.  
Now don't make game of, &c.